20 YEARS OF DW

ISSUE 1

SEELEY • TERRY

# The CROW™ HACK/SLASH™

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People once believed that when someone dies, a crow carries their soul to the land of the dead... but when the soul is burdened by terrible sadness, THE CROW seeks to balance the scales by ferrying them back to the land of the living to set things right.

CASSIE HACK is the lone survivor of an attack by the slasher called THE LUNCH LADY... a slasher who happened to be her MOTHER! Now, she travels the world with her monstrous partner and friend, VLAD, hunting down and destroying slashers wherever they find them!


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LOOK!

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT!

YOU DID THIS—

BLAM

UK. NUHH.

NO.

NO NO NO.

LILITH.

I SAW YOU WITH HIM, ANG! I SAW!

YOU THINK I CAN LET THAT GO? I HAD TO DO *SOMETHING!* NOW LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO!

ANGELES. LOOK.

YOU MADE ME.

LOOK.

# ‘She Wears Shadows’ Part 1

Story by Tim Seeley
Art by Jim Terry and Tim Seeley
Edits by David Hedgecock

SAN FRANCISCO

"POLICE ACADEMY STUDENTS. EVERY ONE OF 'EM. ALL FIVE."

THE TENDERLOIN

TENDERLOIN LIQUOR GROCERY

FOODS · DELI
WINE BEER LIQUOR

HE WINST LL ARMS

"I KNOW IT'S HARD TO HEAR 'POLICE ACADEMY' AND NOT THINK OF THOSE OLD MOVIES. THE MOVIES WITH THE GUY THAT MAKES ALL THE SOUNDS. THE FUNNY ONES."

BUT I GUESS THERE'S NOTHIN' MUCH FUNNY ABOUT THIS, IS THERE?

UNLESS, Y' KNOW, PEOPLE GETTIN' THEIR EYES SCOOPED OUT IS YOUR KIND OF HUMOR.

POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

ANYWAY, THIS IS WHERE THE LATEST MURDER HAPPENED, ACCORDING TO THE NEWS YESTERDAY MORNING. THE RADIO NEWS. I DON'T READ NEWSPAPERS. NOT A FAN. NEWSPAPERS ARE FOR MAKIN' PILLOWS.

7

8

SO, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS, ANYWAY? SOME KIND OF PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS?

WE'RE... SPECIALISTS.

YES.

HURR. I'M SORRY, CASSANDRA. I KNOW WE WERE TO BE UNSUSPICIOUS, BUT I NEED MY MASK HERE. THIS AIR IS FULL OF URINES.

THANKS FOR RUINING MY HARD-ASS ONE-LINER MOMENT, VLAD. AND THANKS FOR REMINDING ME THAT THIS WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD SMELLS LIKE DIAPERS.

WELL, WHATEVER YOU GUYS DO, YOU GOT A GOOD DEAL WITH ME AS YOUR GUIDE.

I SEE AND HEAR MOST EVERYTHING THAT GOES DOWN AROUND MY TENT.

AND THE COPS, THEY WERE REAL QUICK TO COVER THIS UP AT EVERY SCENE. DIDN'T EVEN TELL THE RADIO REPORTER ABOUT IT. THAT'S WHY YOU GOTTA INVESTIGATE YOURSELF.

I DUNNO WHAT YA'D CALL IT. A TAG MAYBE?

SORT OF A ROBOT-GHOST GRAFFITI?

NAH. IT'S A WITNESS.

A MUTE WITNESS.

IT'S A MESSAGE TO SOMEONE.

7

8

SOMEONE WHO'D GET IT.

OH.

*VLAD.* YOU SEEING THIS? INNOVATIVE, RITUALIZED MURDERS. YOUNG VICTIMS. LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE'RE BACK IN THE SLASHER-BASHIN' BUSINESS, BABY.

HURR. YES, *CASSANDRA.* I SEE.

MS. LUCY...?

WOULD YOU LIKE TO STAY IN OUR CAMPER FOR THE NIGHT? WE HAVE A PARKING SPOT NEAR AN OLD CHURCH. IT IS NICE, AND I AM VERY BIG, YES?

UH, VLAD. A WORD?

WOAH, WOAH, PARTNER. WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

OFFERING HER A PLACE TO SLEEP FOR THE NIGHT. I CAN SEE THAT SHE IS AFRAID.

AND A COUPLE OF STRANGERS, ONE OF WHOM LOOKS LIKE A BLUEPRINT FOR THE KIND OF A PERSON TO AVOID IN DARK ALLEYS, IS GONNA MAKE THAT BETTER?

YOU DIDN'T NOTICE THE SHAKE IN HER HANDS? THE NERVOUS TWITCH?

YES, I NOTICED. SHE IS *VERY* AFRAID, AS I SAID.

COME ON, VLAD. YOU AREN'T FRESH OUT OF THE BASEMENT ANYMORE. DON'T PLAY DUMB AND NAIVE WITH ME. SHE'S A... Y'KNOW.

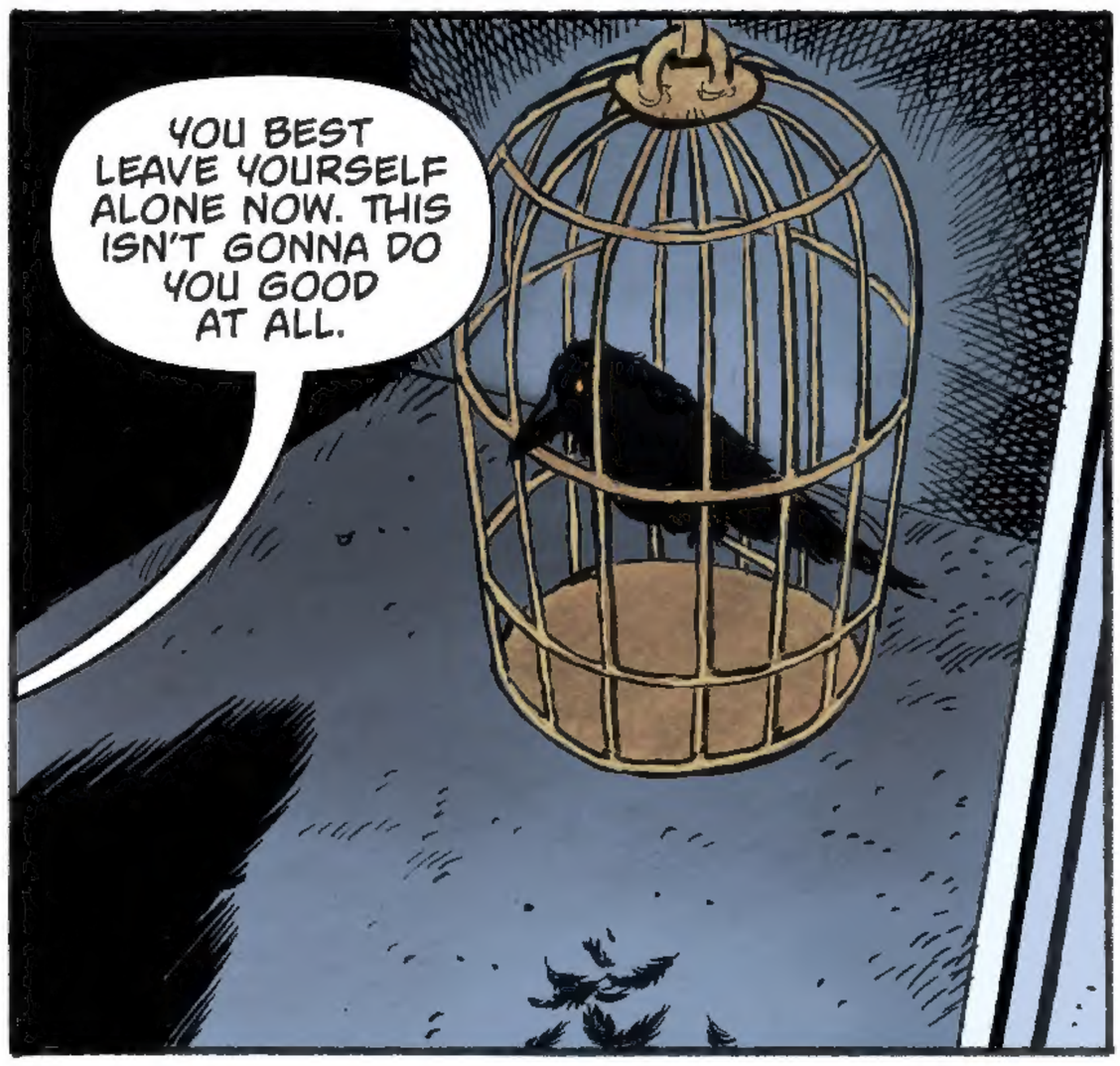
>SIGH<

HEY LUCY. YA WANNA STAY IN OUR CAMPER FOR THE NIGHT? WE HAVE A SPOT IN A CHURCH LOT AND VLAD IS BIG.

OH, THAT'D BE GREAT! I PROMISE I'LL STAY OUT OF THE WAY. I'LL BE REAL QUIET...

A MUTE WITNESS.

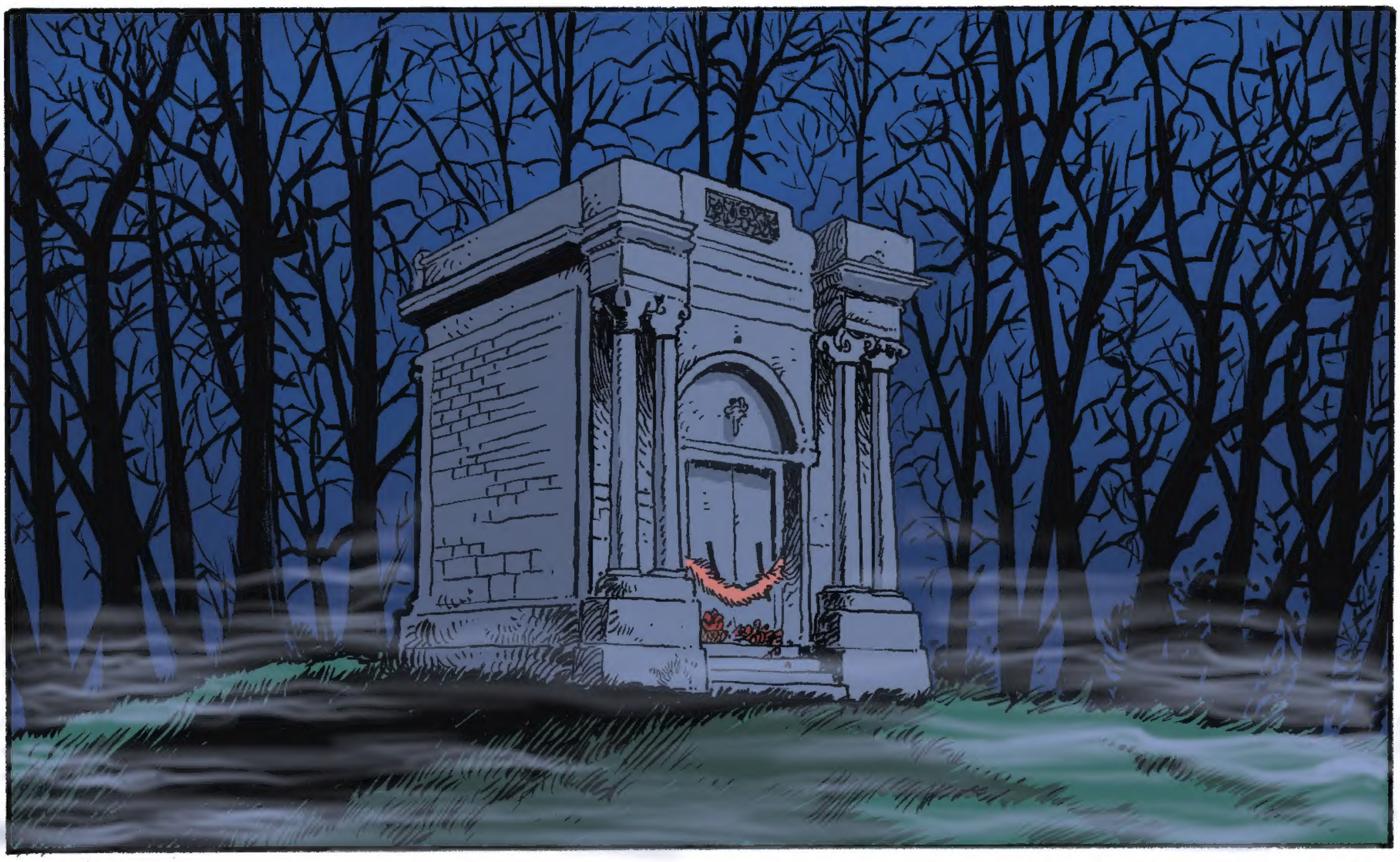
HEY! KNOCK THAT OFF, YOU HECKLE AND JECKLE LOOKIN' MOTHERFUCKER.

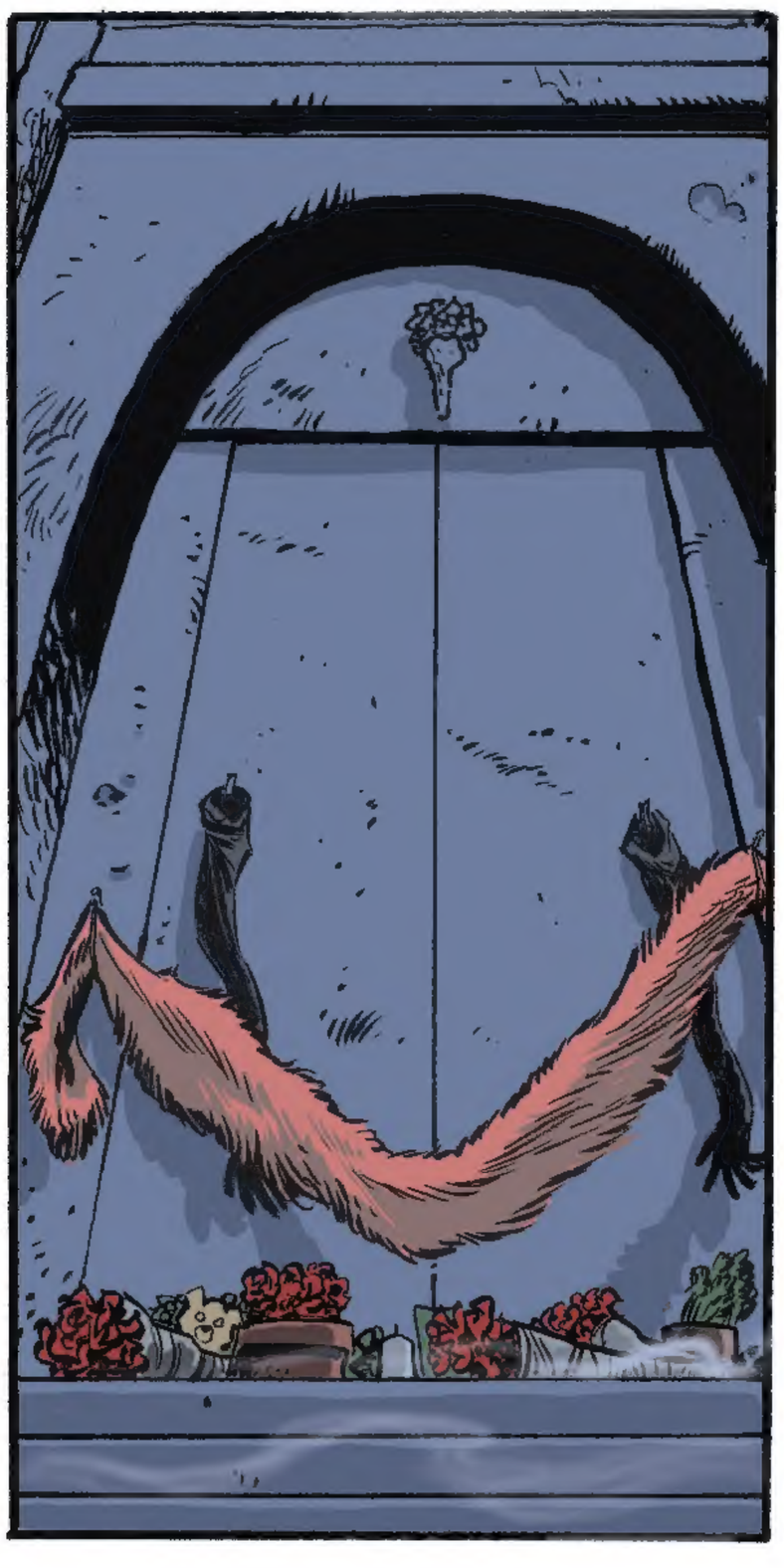

YOU BEST LEAVE YOURSELF ALONE NOW. THIS ISN'T GONNA DO YOU GOOD AT ALL.

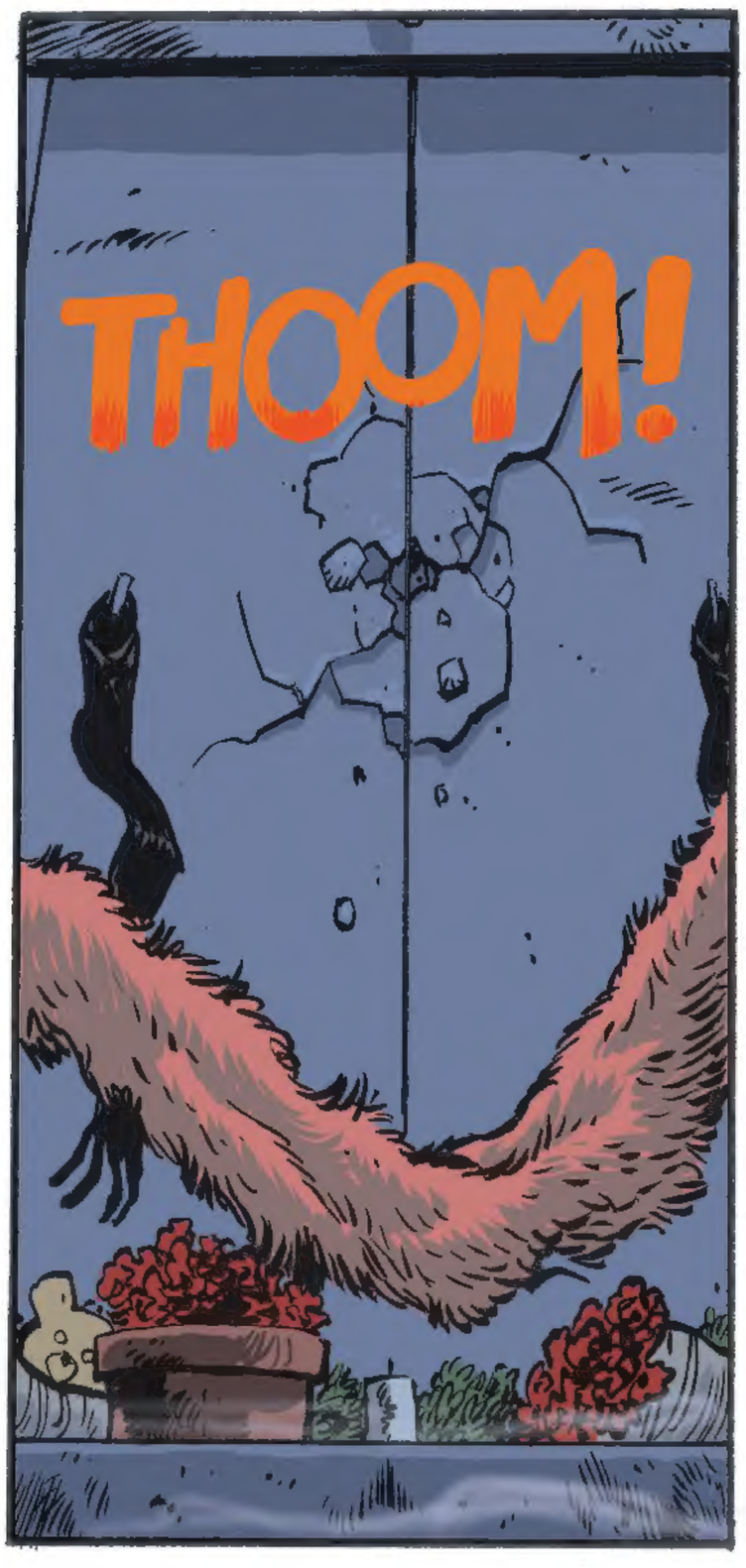
YOU BEST ACCEPT THAT THERE AIN'T NO ONE COMIN' FOR YOU.

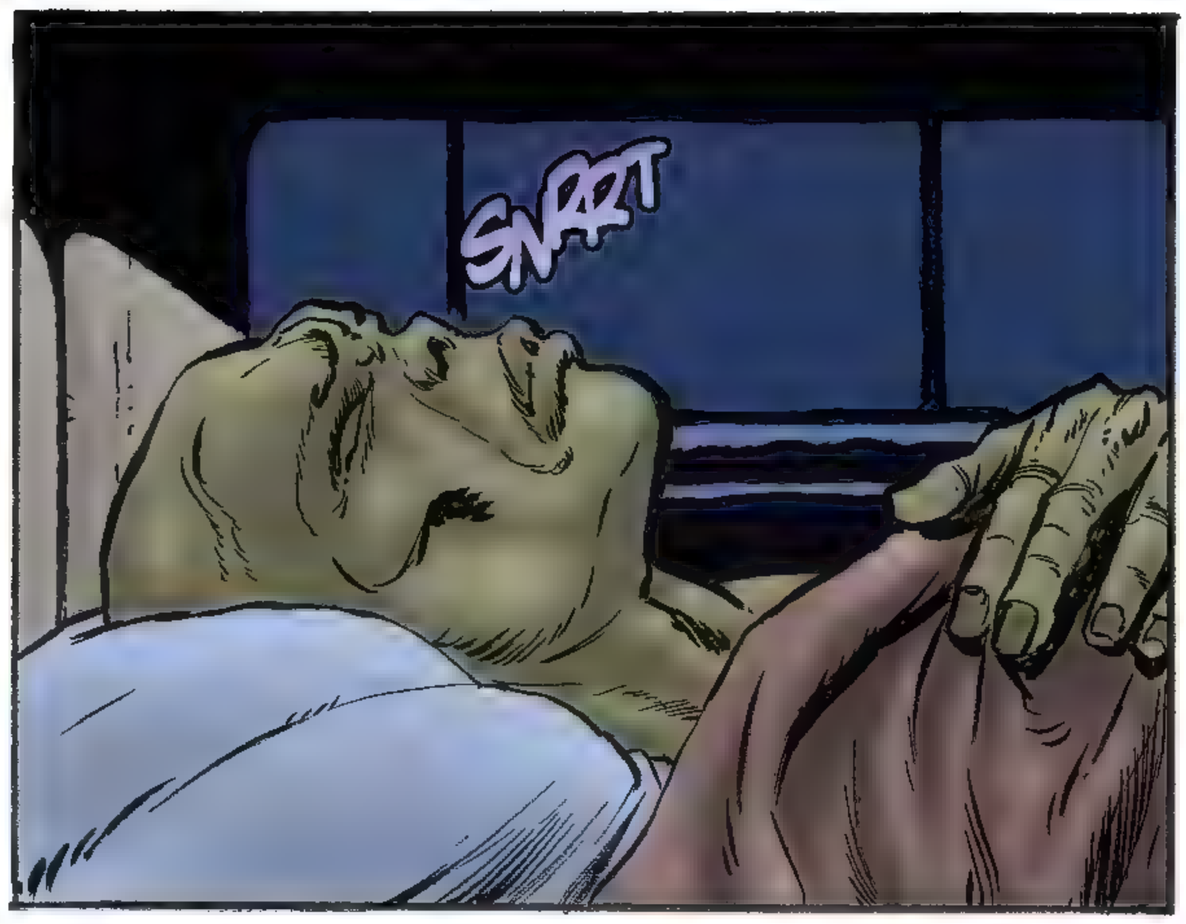
SKWARK
CUZ THERE AIN'T NO ONE WHO NEEDS YOU.

# SKWARK



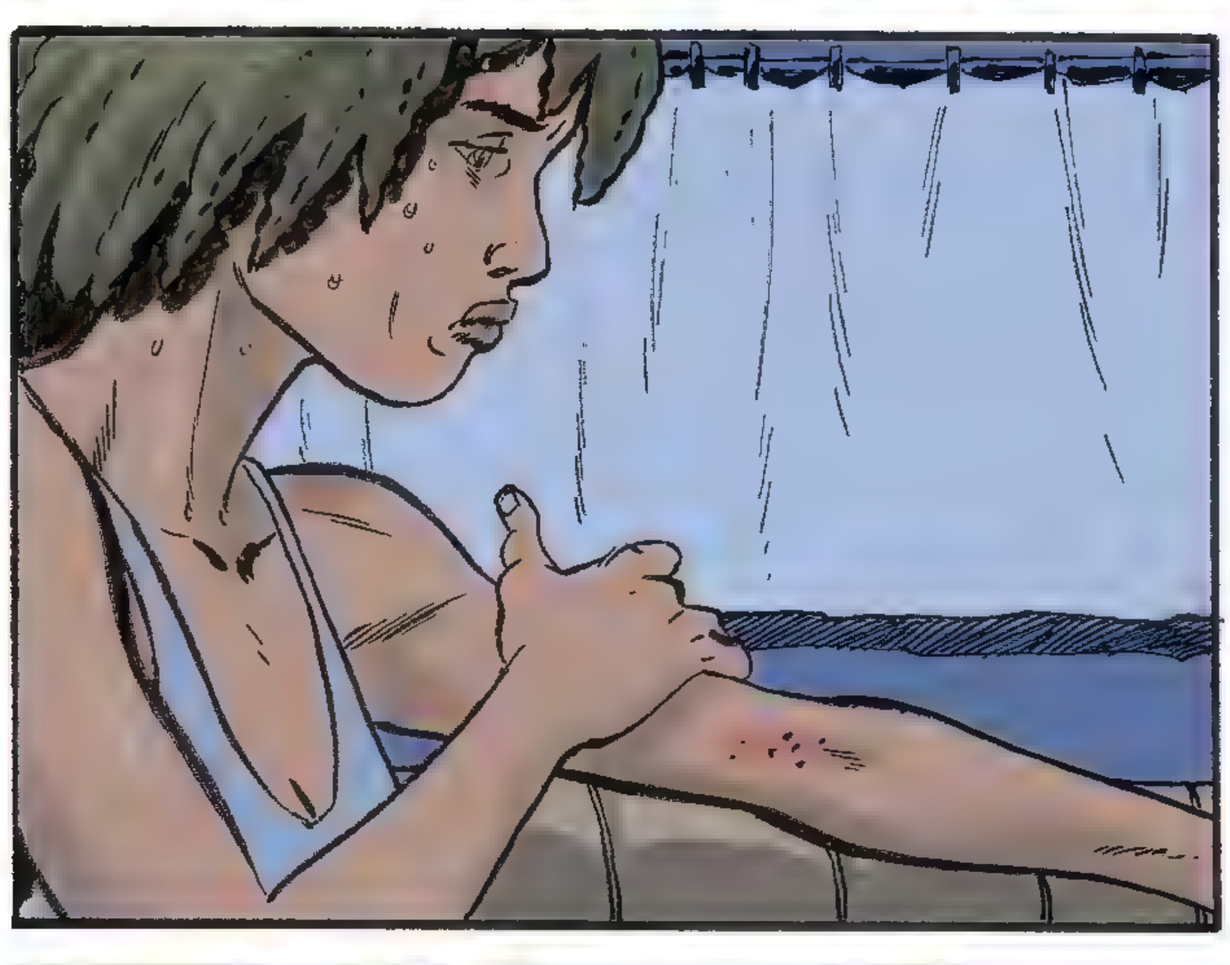


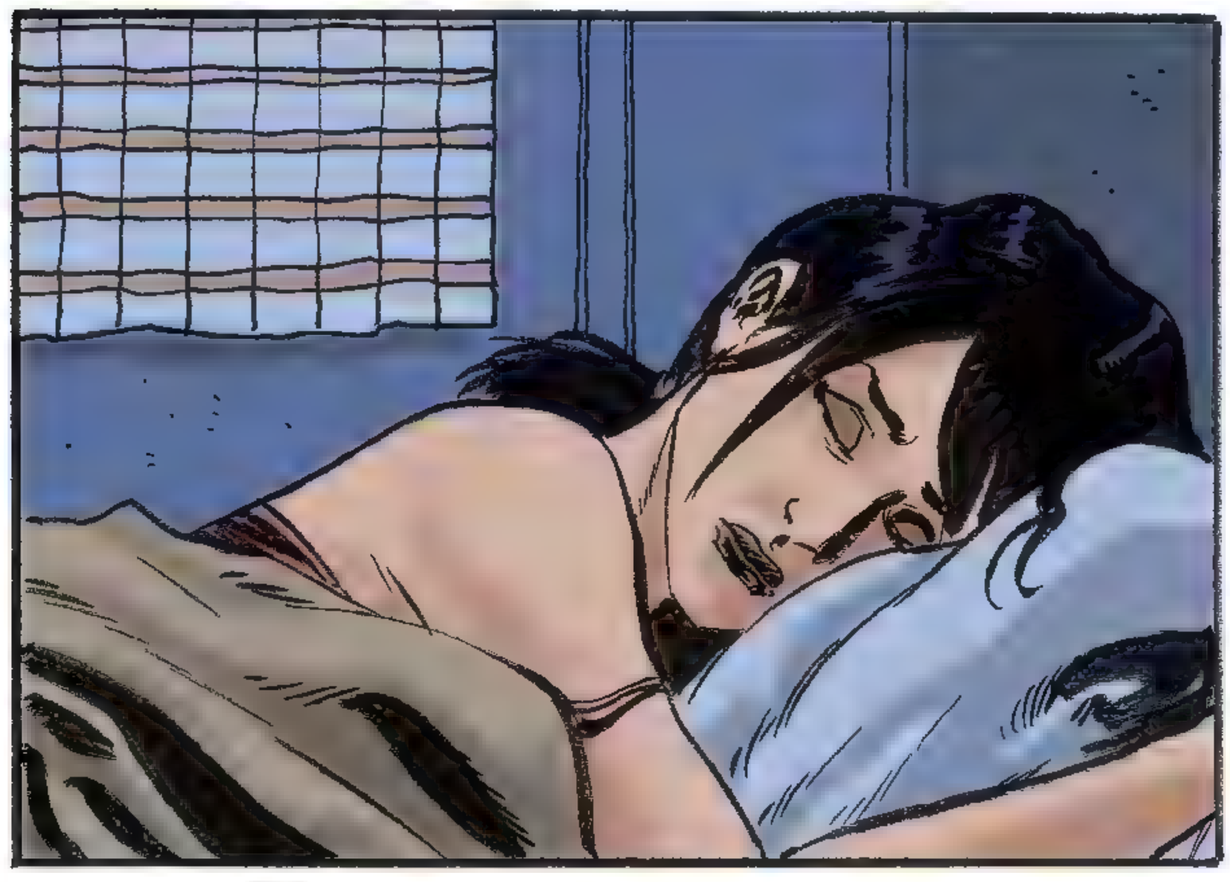



SNARF

HNNH.

HN.





UM. HEY. YEAH, AS YOU CAN PROBABLY TELL, IT'S BEEN AWHILE.

I'VE BEEN KIND OF BUSY THE LAST YEAR OR SO, TOTALLY DESTROYING MY LIFE. LIKE, SOUP TO NUTS, JUST WHOLESALE WRECKAGE.

TAK TAK

BUT THAT PAINTING IN THE ALLEY. IT WAS A CLEAR MESSAGE THAT I GOTTA GET RIGHT WITH GOD.

SELF-PUNISHMENT JUST ISN'T GONNA BE ENOUGH, IS IT?

NO, LUCY. IT ISN'T.

YOU LET HER GO, CASSANDRA! HOW COULD YOU?!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "LET"?! THERE'S NO "LET" INVOLVED HERE, VLAD. SHE LEFT ON HER OWN!

WE WERE TO PROTECT HER! SHE WAS AFRAID!

I THOUGHT YOU WERE PLAYIN' DUMB, BUT YOU REALLY DON'T SEE IT, DO YOU?

SHE'S A DRUG ADDICT, VLAD! A JUNKIE! THE ONLY THING SHE NEEDS PROTECTION FROM IS HERSELF!

IT'S AN ARTIST'S JOB TO BE WITNESS TO HER TIME IN HISTORY. ONE HALF OF THE TWO OLIVES AND TWO LAMPSHADES. YOU WERE AN ARTIST OF WORDS, LUCY.

BUT YOU SWALLOWED YOUR ART AND LOCKED IT BEHIND YOUR LIPS.

I LOST MY OTHER HALF BECAUSE OF YOU AND THE OTHERS. BECAUSE OF YOUR LOCKED LIPS.

NOW, I'M PART NOTHING.

AND THE ONLY WAY TO REACH EQUILIBRIUM IS TO FILL THE VOID WITH THE PAIN OF THE GUILTY.

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT YOU DID LUCY. YOU'VE EXPERIENCED AGONY AT YOUR OWN HANDS. IT HAS TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING.

SO I'M GOING TO BE MERCIFUL.

I'LL TAKE YOUR EYES *AFTER* YOU'RE DEAD.

HNHH—*

SNAK

AH. NOT... NOT AGAIN.

FUCK.

KOFF KOFF KOFF

HRRCH!

HNH. GODDAMN YOU. NOT YET. IT'S NOT DONE YET.

LUCY?

OH, GOD.

NO. SHE'S DEAD. YOU LET HER GO, CASSANDRA. YOU LET HER GO, AND SHE IS DEAD.

KOFF KOFF KOFF

RAAAAAAH!

KOFF

I DON'T NEED YOU TO SEE.

I CAN FIND THEM MYSELF.

I CAN CIRCLE MY PREY AND DROP DOWN ON THEM FROM THE SKY.

KRACK!

I CAN FALL FROM AS HIGH AS I NEED TO.

OH, NO.

YOU DON'T GET OFF THAT EASY.

HNH. THIS ISN'T YOUR FIGHT. WALK AWAY. LIVE YOUR LIFE. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SAW.

WHAT I SAW IS YOU KILL A YOUNG WOMAN. YOU'RE THE ONE PLUCKING THE EYES OUT OF THE HEADS OF COPS AND LEAVING SHITTY BANKSY RIP-OFFS IN ALLEYS.

I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. YOU'RE A ***SLASHER.*** YOU DIE. YOU COME BACK. YOU KILL. CIRCLE GOES AROUND.

SNAK

UNTIL I STEP IN AND BASH YOUR UNDEAD FUCKING HEAD.

KRAK

Y-YOU.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM.

BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHAT YOU ARE. THE CROW GAVE ME VISION.

—THEY BECOME AN APERTURE REVEALING ALL THE DETAIL IN THE SHADOWS.

WHEN YOU'VE OPENED YOUR EYES AS WIDE AS I HAVE—

AND I SEE YOU. THE GIRL WHO RUSHES IN BECAUSE SHE SAYS SHE WANTS TO SAVE PEOPLE.

EXCEPT YOU DON'T SAVE PEOPLE. YOU USE THEM AS BAIT. YOU THROW THEM OUT INTO THE ROLLING BLACK WAVES AND WAIT SO YOU CAN HUNT YOUR WHITE WHALES.

YOU'RE HALF VOID, *CASSIE HACK.* JUST LIKE ME.

BUT I'M IN EQUILIBRIUM BETWEEN NOTHING AND SOMETHING.

*YOUR* VOID IS WINNING.

AHH!

AH.

OH, GOD.

GOD. GOD! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE YOU CALLED OUT TO HIM AND GOT NOTHING?

I MEAN, WHO THE FUCK DOES *HE* THINK HE IS, RIGHT?

WHY DOES *HE* GET TO DECIDE WHO GETS JUSTICE? WHY DOES *HE* GET TO STAND THERE SAYING NOTHING WHILE WE SUFFER?

DO YOU KNOW WHY THE DEVIL FELL, CASSIE?

YOU WILL.

SO MANY PRETTY WORDS...

...TO SAY THE SAME THING AS EVERY OTHER ASSHOLE WE FIGHT.

FAK

HNF.

HNH! YOU. I SEE YOU, TOO. I SEE INTO YOUR EYES.

BIG, WHITE, SHALLOW POOLS, DEVOID OF PREDATORS.

YOU'RE THE ONE...

=KOFF=

HURR?!

YOU'RE THE ONE SHE THINKS SHE IS.

KRCK

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SAVES PEOPLE.

VLAD!

HNH. I... I...

I CAN FALL FROM AS HIGH AS I NEED TO.

SMACK

CASSIE! LISTEN TO THE SOUNDS BENEATH THE ROLLING BLACK WAVES! DO YOU HEAR?

"FROM HELL'S HEART, I STAB AT THEE."

"FOR HATE'S SAKE, I SPIT MY LAST BREATH AT THEE."

I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU.

I'LL...

HUNH!

AH!

ONE AT A TIME. THAT'S THE WAY IT'S SUPPOSED TO GO.

WITH A CROW TO GUIDE ONE BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING.

BUT THE CROW IS GONE NOW.

AND NOW THERE ARE *TWO.*

TO BE CONTINUED...

20 YEARS OF DW

ISSUE 2

SEELEY • TERRY

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LET ME GO!

LET ME GO TO VLAD—

—YOU FUCKING PASTY-FACED, SLASHER FUCK!

SLASH

"SLASHER"? WHAT AN APPALLING TERM. AND I MEAN, I'VE SLASHED IN MY TIME, BUT IT'S NOT HOW I'D LIKE TO DEFINE MYSELF.

SASHER, MAYBE. GENTLE GNASHER, YES. PARTY CRASHER, FOR SURE.

NOW, I'D LIKE TO THINK YOU AND I CAN AGREE ON TWO THINGS.

ONE—LETTING YOU GO WOULD BE A PRETTY SHIT IDEA.

AND TWO— IF I WANTED YOU SLASHED OR DEAD IN ANY OTHER WAY...

...YOU'D ALREADY BE ALL THE WAY DOWN *THERE* WITH YOUR PARTNER.

HNNH.

YOUR FRIEND IS DYING, BUT NOT DEAD YET.

INSTEAD OF MORE ARGUING AND MORE STABBING, MAYBE YOU'D LIKE TO CALL THE FINE PEOPLE AT 911?

I—YEAH. YES. LET ME DOWN.

NOW THAT THREATS OF DISEMBOWELMENT ARE OUT OF THE WAY...

YOUR NAME?

CASSIE HACK.

AND YOU CAN CALL ME *MARCUS GRIEVES.*

AS IN THE VERB. "TO SUFFER FOR OR BECAUSE OF LOSS OR..."

HNNGH.

YES. YOU'RE FAINT AND DISTANT, MY OLD FRIEND.

BUT I HEAR YOU. I STILL HEAR.

THEY'RE COMING.

YOUR TEMPERAMENT MAY MAKE THIS DIFFICULT, BUT YOU'LL NEED TO LEAVE THEM TO IT.

WHAT APPEARS TO BE AN ATTEMPTED SUICIDE OR MURDER WILL DRAW QUESTIONS AND COPS.

AFTER LOSING FIVE ACADEMY STUDENTS IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS TO THE "***CADET KILLER***", THE ***SFPD*** IS EVEN MORE SENSITIVE THAN USUAL. WE SHOULD STAY OUT OF SIGHT.

BUT I HAVE TO SEE HIM. I HAVE TO KNOW HE'S ALRIGHT, WHEREVER THEY TAKE HIM.

ALL RIGHT. IT'S JUST AS WELL. HOSPITALS CONTAIN INFORMATION CONCERNING DEATH, WHICH WE'LL NEED.

I BORROWED A MOTORCYCLE. YOU CAN RIDE WITH ME, AND WE'LL CHASE THE AMBULANCE LIKE A LAWYER—BUT BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU HOLD ONTO. I'M SHIRTLESS AND TICKLISH.

WHY? WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

EXIT

BECAUSE AFTER WHAT SHE DID TO YOUR PARTNER AND TO THAT POOR GIRL IN THE CHURCH, YOU AND I NOW HAVE THE SAME MISSION.

# SHE WEARS SHADOWS

## PART 2

Story by Tim Seeley
Art by Jim Terry and Tim Seeley
Edits by David Hedgecock

"TO STOP ANGELES CERO."

HNNGH FSSSSH
HNNGH FSSSSH
HNNGH FSSSSH
HNNGH FSSSSH
I'M SORRY. I'M *SO SORRY*, VLAD.
YOU WERE RIGHT. YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT.
I SHOULD HAVE STOPPED *LUCY* FROM LEAVING. IF I'D PROTECTED HER, SHE'D BE ALIVE.
BUT I DIDN'T, BECAUSE SHE WAS A JUNK—
—A DRUG ADDICT, AND TO ME THAT MEANT HER PROBLEMS WERE HER FAULT.
IF I'D HAVE SAVED HER WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE, YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FOLLOWED HER. YOU WOULDN'T HAVE FOUGHT THAT WOMAN. AND SHE WOULDN'T HAVE THROWN YOU OFF THE CHURCH.
YOU'RE BROKEN AND DYING, AND IT'S MY FAULT, VLAD.
IT'S MY FAULT FOR NOT BEING AS GOOD AS YOU.
EXCUSE ME, MA'AM. WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I'M SORRY, BUT THIS PATIENT IS IN CRITICAL CONDITION—
—ARE YOU A LEGAL MEMBER OF HIS FAMILY?
NO.

THEN I JUST NEED YOU TO WAIT OUT— HNGK!

HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY LEGAL FUCKING FAMILY THAT HASN'T TRIED TO *KILL* HIM. AND NEITHER DO I.

THAT MAKES US KINDA GODDAMN IMPORTANT TO EACH OTHER.

AND THE ONLY WAY I'M LEAVING HIS SIDE IS SKIPPING OVER THE CRUMPLED FUCKING BODIES OF YOU AND EVERY RENT-A-COP IN THIS SHITHOLE!

HNNGHRHKKLL FSSSSH

TAKE CARE OF HIM. SAVE HIM, BECAUSE I CAN'T.

PLEASE... JUST DO WHAT I DIDN'T.

"LOOK."

"THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT."

"YOU DID THIS."

"BLAM."

"I SAW YOU WITH HIM, ANG. I SAW. YOU THINK I CAN LET THAT GO? I HAD TO DO SOMETHING. NOW, LOOK WHAT YOU MADE ME DO."

"ANGELES!"

K-SSSSH

"LOOK!"

"YOU MADE ME."

"LOOK."

YOU KEEP BREAKING THEM MIRRORS, ANGIE-GIRL, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO DO MY CORNROWS FOR ME.

IT'S GETTING WORSE, DK.

EVERY TIME I DO WHAT I HAVE TO DO NOW, I GET SICK AND WEAK.

AND THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE...

FSSST

BEAUTIFUL. COLD. AGGRESSIVE. HAD A BIG PARTNER WHO LOOKED LIKE THE MONSTER SHE WAS.

SHE CAME AT ME WITH A GODDAMN BASEBALL BAT LIKE IT WAS A NUCLEAR WARHEAD.

SHE WAS *HUNTING* ME.

SHIT, GIRL. I FUCKIN' HEARD A' HER. USED TO LISTEN TO *AL KNIGHT* TALK ABOUT HER ALL THE TIME ON HIS *LATE KNIGHT* RADIO SHOW WHEN I WAS IN TOMOKA.

SHE THE DAUGHTER OF A MASS MURDERIN' LUNCH LADY OR SOME SHIT. WANDERS THE BACKWAYS OF FUCKIN' AMERICA KILLIN' OTHER *SERIAL KILLERS.*

OTHER?! WHAT EXACTLY ARE YOU SAYING, DK? BECAUSE YOU, OF ALL PEOPLE, KNOW I'M NOT A FUCKING SERIAL KILLER.

WHEN I KILL, IT'S BECAUSE THE UNIVERSE BROUGHT ME BACK FROM DEATH TO MAKE ITSELF RIGHT.

EVERYONE WHO TURNED AWAY HAS TO LOOK NOW, D. EVERY SINGLE MUTE WITNESS.

NONE OF THIS IS MURDER. THIS IS JUSTICE. AND IT CAN'T END. NOT—

TRANCE

KOFF KOFF KOFF

TRANCE

AH GOD. IT HURTS, D. IT HURTS WORSE THAN DYING. I CAN'T...

SHH. S'OKAY, ANGIE-GIRL. DON'T CRY. THAT'S WHATCHA GOT SAN FRAN'S BALLIN'-EST STREET SHAMAN FOR.

URBAN DK GONNA MAKE SURE...

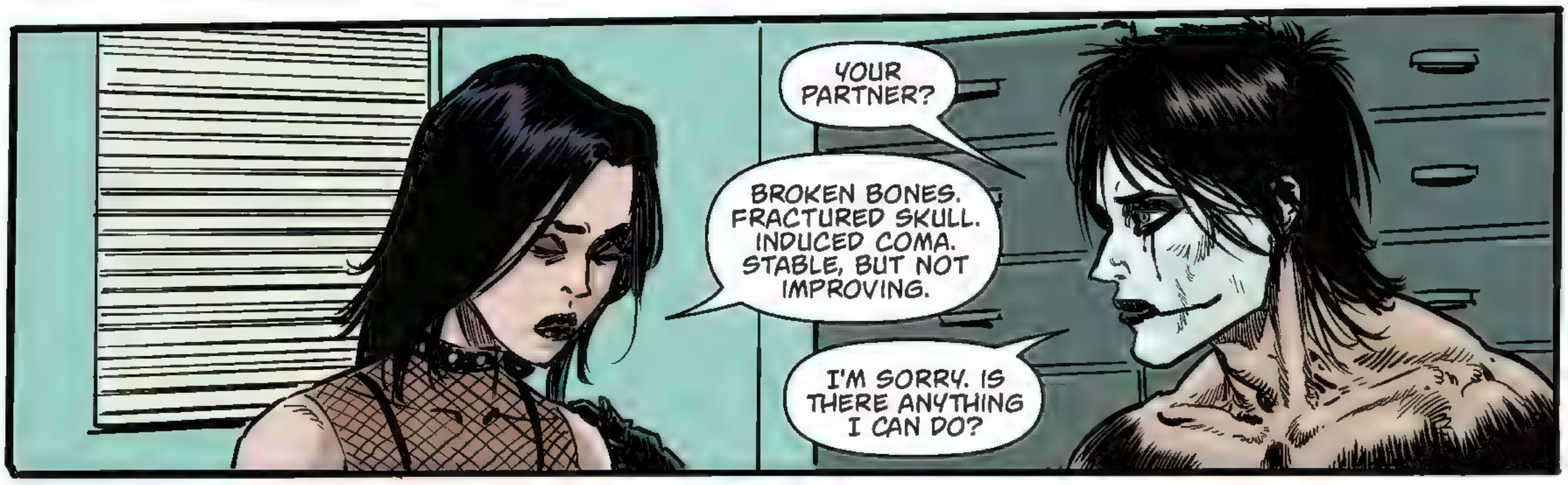
SQWAARK!

...YOU DECIDE WHEN JUSTICE IS DONE.

YOU DECIDE FOR EVERYONE.

MORGUE IS ALWAYS THE ONLY DOOR IN A HOSPITAL WITHOUT A SIGN.
MORGUE RECORDS

YOU GOT IN.
THE DOOR OPENED FOR ME AS IF I WERE A RETURNING HERO! "HAIL MARCUS, PRINCE OF THE SLAB," THEY CRIED!
...OR I WAITED UNTIL THE ATTENDANT WENT TO THE BATHROOM AND LOCKED HER IN. YOU CHOOSE.


YOUR PARTNER?
BROKEN BONES. FRACTURED SKULL. INDUCED COMA. STABLE, BUT NOT IMPROVING.
I'M SORRY. IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?

YEAH. ONE—YOU CAN STOP ACTING LIKE MY FRIEND, MARCUS.
AND TWO—YOU CAN STOP TALKING IN POETRY AND TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON SO I CAN PUT AN END TO THAT GODDAMN HOODED HEALTH GOTH.

THEN THE FIRST THING I NEED YOU TO UNDERSTAND CASSIE...
...IS THAT THERE HAVE BEEN OTHERS.

"SOMETIMES WHEN SOMEONE IS MURDERED THEY ARE RESURRECTED BROUGHT BACK TO AVENGE THEIR DEATH AND THE PAIN OF THOSE THEY LOVED.

"A CROW FLIES FROM THE OTHER SIDE TO GUIDE THESE RESURRECTED IN PURSUIT OF THOSE WHO COMMITTED THE ATROCITY.

"WHILE THEY HUNT THE GUILTY, THE RESURRECTED ARE UN-KILLABLE. THEIR WOUNDS HEAL INSTANTLY, THE BURNING PAIN DULL COMPARED TO THE HEAT OF THEIR RAGE.

"AND ONCE JUSTICE HAS BEEN DONE, THE CROW GUIDES THESE SPIRITS BACK TO THE GRAVES THEY LEFT."

LILITH CERO. AGE 24. FATALLY SHOT IN THE LEFT OCULAR CAVITY.

DIED ALONGSIDE STREET ARTIST ANGELES CERO.

HER TWIN SISTER.

LILITH WAS KILLED BY ANGELES' OBSESSIVE EX-BOYFRIEND, A POLICE ACADEMY CADET WHO MISTOOK HER FOR ANGELES. AND WHEN ANGELES ARRIVED TO CONFRONT HIM, SHE WAS KILLED AS WELL.

THE MURDER WAS COVERED UP BY SFPD AND THE ACADEMY WITH HELP FROM A COMPLICIT CITY GOVERNMENT. AN OFFICER REACTING TO A MISTAKEN CASE OF BREAKING AND ENTERING, THEY SAID.

NO ACCOUNTABILITY GIVEN TO THE SISTERS' KILLER.

"AND SO, ANGELES FOLLOWED THE CROW, LEAVING A HAUNTING PAINTING BESIDE THE BODIES OF THE PERPETRATORS."

BUT SHE DIDN'T STOP.

SHE REFUSED TO GO TO HER FINAL REST AND CONTINUED HER HUNT FOR ANYONE SHE BELIEVED HAD SHUTTERED THEIR EYES FROM THE TRUTH.

LIKE *LUCILLE "LUCY" BENZELL*...

REPORTER FOR THE *SAN FRANCISCO JOURNAL* WHO WROTE THE OFFICIAL COVER-UP STORY.

SHE WAS RUNNING SCARED, LIVING ON THE STREETS WHILE TRYING TO KILL THE GUILT WITH HEROIN

BUT THAT WASN'T ENOUGH FOR ANGELES.

HOW..?

COME ON, MAN. NOT MY FIRST RODEO. I'VE BEEN DOING THIS SHIT FOR, LIKE, SIX YEARS.

MY GOOGLE-FU IS STRONG.

IN FACT, I CAN DO US ONE BETTER. IF HER BEEF IS WITH EVERYONE WHO HELPED COVER IT UP, I THINK I CAN HAZARD A GUESS WHERE THE PSYCHO BIRD WILL BE NEXT...

ON THE GROUND AND HANDS ABOVE YOUR HEAD!

NOW, MOTHERFUCKERS!

IT'S THE METH HEAD WHO THREATENED THE NURSE!

THE ATTENDANT YOU LOCKED IN THE BATHROOM. DID YOU NOT CHECK TO SEE IF SHE HAD A CELLPHONE?

I—NO... I... YOU MEAN, LIKE, A CAR PHONE?

JESUS! WHAT ARE YOU? AN *AMISH MIME?*

*WHUH—*

BLAM

AH! FUCK!

SORRY, MARCUS. YOU SEEM NICE, BUT YOU CAN TAKE A BULLET A LOT BETTER THAN ME.

K-H-SH-H

AND COMING BACK FROM THE DEAD FOR REVENGE MAKES YOU A SLASHER, NO MATTER HOW FANCY YOU DRESS IT UP.

AH. FUCK ME.

AH SHIT, AH SHIT. I SHOT HIM. I SHOT THE FUCKIN' CRACKHEAD!

WE GOTTA GET THE GIRL!

GET HIM OFF ME, MAN!

AHH.

DROP HIM, YOU FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!

KRA

KHUD

FUCKIN' JUNKIE ASSHOLE!

HUH?!

ANGHK!

SNAK

STOP! I'LL SHOOT AGAIN! I'LL—

WHUD

KSSSH

NNNH.

THE FUCK? IT'S RAINING LIL' PUNK CHICKS.

JESUS.

HEY. WEREN'T ALL THE *CADET KILLER* SIGHTINGS OF A "TEENAGE GIRL IN DARK MAKEUP"?

BWORP

GODDAMNIT! I CAN'T CATCH A FUCKING BREAK HERE!

EAT A DAY-OLD BAG OF DICKS, SAN FRANCISCO!

STOP! STOP RUNNING RIGHT NOW!

SO, THAT WAS A TOTAL BITCH MOVE.

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO MAKE YOU TRUST ME...

...EXCEPT TO CONTINUALLY SAVE YOUR ANGRY WHITE ASS.

SQWREEEE

IT'S NOTHING PERSONAL, OKAY?

I JUST DON'T WORK WITH ANYONE THAT'S SO PISSED OFF THEIR BODY WON'T STAY IN THE GROUND. TEND TO BE KIND OF UNPREDICTABLE—

BROOOMM

MARCUS. YOU'RE STILL BLEEDING.

DEVASTATING SIDE EFFECT THAT I DIDN'T MENTION, I'M AFRAID.

VRVRAA

INJURIES ATTAINED OUTSIDE THE COURSE OF MY MISSION OR NOT INVOLVING ANGELES' VICTIMS DON'T HEAL. I SLIP AND BREAK AN ARM ON THE WAY TO THE *181 CLUB?*

I'M FLYING ON ONE WING.

ANGELES CAGED MY OLD FRIEND. THE CROW'S NOT HERE TO HEAL ME OR TO GUIDE ME, AND HIS CALL HAS GONE SILENT.

I'M LOST, CASSIE. AND I NEED YOU.

PLEASE. BEFORE I FORGET...

BEFORE I WANDER OFF INTO THE DARKNESS FOREVER.

WHUMP

DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO.

"HELP ME FIND HER."

I'M HERE TONIGHT AT THE WAR MEMORIAL OPERA HOUSE FOR THE ANNUAL *MIRROR MIRROR MAYOR'S BALL...*

...A NIGHT OF GLITZ AND GLAMOUR THAT BRINGS TOGETHER THE RICH AND FAMOUS OF THE CITY—FROM THE YOUNGEST DARLINGS OF THE TECH AND FASHION INDUSTRIES TO THE OLD GUARD OF SAN FRANCISCO POLITICS—TO BENEFIT HOMELESS CHARITIES.

ARRIVING NOW IS THE CITY'S MOST CELEBRATED POWER COUPLE, *MAYOR MAE LIN-ROSCOE* AND HER HUSBAND, *POLICE CHIEF VINCENT ROSCOE...*

COME ON, VINNIE. LET'S GET INSIDE BEFORE I TRIP OR FART, OR BOTH AND RUIN MY RE-ELECTION BID.

HUH. DID YOU SEE THAT? I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE.

IT WAS BEHIND SCAFFOLDING AND TARP FOR THE LONGEST TIME.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH SAN FRAN... ALWAYS SOME NEW PRETENTIOUS "ART" INSTALLATION GOING UP.

BUT WHAT AM I SAYING?

NOTHING HAPPENS IN THIS TOWN WITHOUT YOU KNOWING ABOUT IT.

TO BE CONTINUED...

20 YEARS OF DW

ISSUE 3

SEELEY • TERRY

# the CROW HACK/SLASH

# the CROW HACK/SLASH

People once believed that when someone dies, a crow carries their soul to the land of the dead... but when the soul is burdened by terrible sadness, THE CROW seeks to balance the scales by ferrying them back to the land of the living to set things right.

CASSIE HACK is the lone survivor of an attack by the slasher called THE LUNCH LADY... a slasher who happened to be her MOTHER! Now, she travels the world with her monstrous partner and friend, VLAD, hunting down and destroying slashers wherever they find them!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SKWARK

SKWARK

THUK

PLP PLP PLP

PLP PLP PLP

PLP PLP PLP

HNH. LOOK AT ME...

PAINTING THE TOWN RED. OH, THE GIRLS WOULD BE JEALOUS.

MARCUS. LISTEN...

NO NEED. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY. THERE'S REVENGE TO BE HAD FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FRIEND VLAD, AND YOU'RE NOT WORKING WITH A... A...

SLASHER.

THAT'S IT. RETURNED FROM THE DEAD TO SLASH. LIKE ALL THE OTHERS YOU HACKED INTO PIECES.

I'M SORRY, CASSIE.

I TRIED TO EXPLAIN NICELY.

HNH. YOU WANNA USE YOUR BIRDY POWERS TO LOOK INSIDE MY MIND? GO AHEAD!

YOU'RE JUST GOING TO SEE THE SAME VOID ANGELES SAW.

AND YOU CAN'T TAKE SOMETHING FROM NOTHING.

NO. I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE ANYTHING. I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU SOMETHING.

EVERYTHING I WAS.

LET'S GO BOYS. HERE'S THE LITTLE LADY WE'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR...

MISSY MAGPIE!

I'VE WAITED HOURS FOR THIS. I'VE MADE MYSELF SO SICK. I WISH I'D STAYED ASLEEP TODAY...

"ME, THEN. YOUNG. BEAUTIFUL. FEARLESS."

# SHE WEARS SHADOWS

PART 3

STORY BY TIM SEELEY
ART BY JIM TERRY AND TIM SEELEY
EDITOR: DAVID HEDGECOCK

MISS DRAG SAN FRANCISCO 1986

"AND IN LOVE."

I WON, *AIDEN!* YOU'RE FUCKING THE QUEEN!

YOU HAD THEM EATING OUT OF YOUR HAND, BABY.

WINNER

"FOR THE FIRST TIME AND THE LAST."

DANCING

"THE WORLD WASN'T READY FOR US THEN. BUT WE DIDN'T NEED THE WORLD. WE HAD THE CITY. THE CASTRO. EACH OTHER.

"WE HAD HEAVEN ON EARTH."

"SOMETIMES IT WAS EASY TO FORGET THAT ALL THAT SEPARATED OUR PRIVATE PRADISE FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD WAS A LONG, THIN BRIDGE.

"A BRIDGE THAT COULD BE CROSSED BY DEMONS."

OH, GOD. MARCUS. I—I'M SO SORRY.

"BUT IT WAS *HEARD.*

SKWARK

"AND IT WAS *ANSWERED.*"

I'M ALIVE! I'M DEAD! I'M THE STRANGER!

"BY KILLING AIDEN AND I THAT DAY, THE MEN HAD SIGNED A CONTRACT. THEY HAD RESIGNED THEMSELVES TO DEATH IN ONE YEAR...

"BY COLD HANDS IN *VELVET GLOVES.*"

"WHEN JUSTICE HAD BEEN DONE, I RETURNED TO MY TOMB. AND WHILE MOURNERS BROUGHT FLOWERS AND FEATHER BOAS EACH YEAR TO TO REMIND THEM OF A PRIMITIVE ACT OF HATE NOT SO LONG AGO...

"I WAS LAID DOWN IN GOLDEN FIELDS BESIDE MY LOVE, FAR, FAR AWAY.

"EARTH IN HEAVEN.

"FOR YEARS LIKE SECONDS WE BATHED IN WARM LIGHT. UNTIL BLACK FEATHERS BLOTTED OUT THE SUN AND OUR ETERNAL DAY ENDED.

"A CROW DIDN'T RETURN."

YOU.

"A SOUL WAS NEEDED TO BRING IT BACK."

AIDEN?

HNH.

I HAVE TO TAKE ANGELES HOME, CASSIE. I NEED YOUR HELP. OR I'LL REMAIN HERE, GUIDELESS, FORGETTING WHO I AM. WHO I WAS.

AND I'LL NEVER LIE BESIDE AIDEN AGAIN.

AH. *HNH.* I'M HEALED.

HOW?

I HAVE A NEW GUIDE. OUR MISSIONS ARE JOINED. THE PARAMETERS HAVE CHANGED.

AND THE UNIVERSE IS A *FICKLE BITCH.*

WELL, WE'VE GOT THAT IN COMMON

BEFORE YOU THREW ME IN FRONT OF THOSE GUARDS, YOU SAID YOU HAD AN IDEA WHERE ANGELES MIGHT STRIKE NEXT.

BRRM

SHE WANTS REVENGE FOR THE DEATH OF HERSELF AND HER TWIN SISTER. HER SISTER WAS SHOT THROUGH THE LEFT EYE.

ANGELES PAINTS THE RIGHT SIDE OF HER FACE BLACK. HER DEAD SIDE.

SHE'S A DARK REFLECTION. A MIRROR.

TONIGHT, EVERYONE SHE BLAMES FOR COVERING UP THE MURDERS BY A COP CADET WILL BE IN ONE PLACE.

DRAMATIC IRONY. THEMATIC RELEVANCE. IT'S WHAT I WOULD DO.

YEAH. IT'S WHAT A *SLASHER* WOULD DO.

VROOM

THE MAYOR. THE CHIEF OF POLICE. ALL OF THEM AT THE OPERA HOUSE.

FOR THE *MIRROR MIRROR MASKED CHARITY BALL.*

WOW.

YOU FEELIN' OKAY, ANGIE-GIRL?

CUZ THIS HERE MEDICINE MAN SAYS THAT ONCE THIS GOES DOWN, YOU'RE GONNA GET WHAT YOU WANT...

BUT YOU'RE ALSO GONNA FEEL SICKER 'N A HUNGOVER DOG.

AND THAT SHIT'S GONNA GET A LOT WORSE BEFORE IT GETS BETTER.

RIGHT NOW, I FEEL AMAZING, *DK*.

WHATEVER THAT BIRD WANTS TO DO TO ME, IT'LL BE WORTH IT.

IF I GET SICK, IT WON'T BE ANYTHING NEW. I'LL JUST BE SUFFERING FOR MY ART AGAIN.

YOU JUST DO YOUR PART AT THE RIGHT TIME, AND YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU, DK. BYE-BYE.

MISS MAYOR! MISTER CHIEF OF POLICE! HAVE YOU TRIED THE FRENCH MIMOLETTE?

OH MY GOD IT'S TO DIE FOR.

I'D SAY THE GIANT *MUTE WITNESS* TAG ON THE WALL PROVES YOU RIGHT, MS. HACK.

YOU SAY ANGELES IS LIKE YOU. SO HOW'S SHE GONNA DO THIS?

BRUMBRUM

SHE'LL WANT TO MAKE IT PERSONAL. SHE'LL WANT THEM TO KNOW—

HNGK!

MARCUS?

THE CROW. A MESSAGE FROM BEHIND PRISON WALLS. BLOOD BREAKING BLACK LINES. FAINT, BUT...

THIS BUILDING. SOMETHING OR SOMEONE INSIDE...

HNH. NOTHING MORE THAN THAT.

IF WE'RE GONNA DO THIS AS PARTNERS, GRIEVES, WE DO THIS LIKE ME 'N VLAD WOULD DO.

YOU TAKE THE MASQUERADE BALL SINCE YOU'RE PRETTY AND ALREADY DRESSED UP IN A COSTUME...

...AND I'LL GO SMASH THE FUCK OUT OF WHATEVER POPS OUT OF THE SHADOWS WITH A BIG STICK.

SFFFT.

HMM, YEAH. LITTLE NIP TO EASE THE NERVES—

KANG

TRANCE

AH, FUCK!

AHKH. FUCKIN FUCK YOU, YOU FUCKIN'... PIPE!

IN TWO MINUTES, THIS WHOLE FUCKIN' DILAPIDATED SHIT IS GONNA DROP ON THE GODDAMN OPERA HOUSE, AND YOU WITH IT, MOTHERFUCKER!

THANKS FOR THE INFO. AT LEAST IT SAVES YOU THE TORTURE.

HUH?

MAYBE.

TRANCE

THE FUCKIN' *SERIAL KILLER KILLER.*

DIDN'T I TELL YOU? SLICES LIKE A BABY'S THROAT.

UH-HUH. WONDERFUL. VINNIE? TIME TO MAKE OUR ROUNDS.

WAIT. BEFORE YOU GO, I JUST WANTED TO ASK YOU SOMETHING.

TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT *CADET DAMIEN ROGERS.*

D-DAMIEN? AH... AH... THE BOY WHO PASSED RECENTLY? UNFORTUNATE. AN INVESTIGATION IS UNDERWAY, OF COURSE.

OH, IS IT? THAT'S INTERESTING.

ALL RIGHT. ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT. PUT THAT LITTLE BITCH OUT ON HER ASS.

MA'AM...

BECAUSE WHEN YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN INVESTIGATING THE MURDER OF A PAIR OF TWIN SISTERS, YOU WERE MUTE.

ALMOST LIKE THE WORDS WERE STUCK IN YOUR THROAT, CHIEF.

OPEN YOUR THROAT, VINNIE. SET THEM FREE.

GHK!

THIKK

VINNIE!

OH, BUT IT WASN'T JUST YOUR HUSBAND WHO LOOKED THE OTHER WAY AFTER TWO WOMEN GOT LEAD INJECTIONS.

YOUR EYES WERE WIDE AND YOUR MOUTH WAS CLOSED, TOO, MAE. YOU WOULDN'T LET THE TRUTH BE KNOWN. COULDN'T LET YOUR HUSBAND'S POLICE DEPARTMENT BE SULLIED.

COULDN'T LET IT REFLECT BADLY ON YOU.

DROP HER! WE'LL SHOOT!

I KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT REFLECTIONS, MAE. ABOUT THE PERFECT OPPOSITE ON THE OTHER SIDE. WHEN I LOOKED AT LILITH, I SAW THE GOOD PART OF ME. COMPLETE AND FULL OF LIGHT.

BUT YOU BURIED THAT. AND ALL THAT'S LEFT IS A BROKEN MIRROR.

YOU BURIED LILITH CERO, MAYOR MAE. YOU BURIED ME

AND NOW, I'M GOING TO BURY YOU.

I'LL BURY YOU *ALL.*

I HATE TO SEE YOU SO DISAPPOINTED, ANGELES. WOULD IT HELP IF I SAID...

"BOOM"?

OH, GOD!

AGHK!

YOU'RE THE MAYOR, MAE ROSCOE-LIN. YOU'RE CORRUPT AND INEPT. BUT YOUR DEATH ISN'T JUSTICE.

GO. RUN. LIVE.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM

G—

ALL OF YOU.

RAAH!

NOW!

WHAT FUCKING FLORIDA SPRING BREAK STAGE DID ANGELES DRAG YOU OFF OF?

WWKRK

FUH... FUCK YOU. I'M A LEGEND SAME AS YOU. THEY SPEAK OF ME WITH FEAR AND RESPECT. OF *URBAN DK,* THE FUCKIN' *PSYCHOPOMP OF THE CITY.*

YEAH, POMPY? THEY EVER TALK ABOUT HOW YOUR DUMB ASS CAN'T SET OFF A BOMB?

NO. MOTHERFUCKERS TALK ABOUT HOW I MADE SAN FRANCISCO MY SUBSERVIENT BITCH. ABOUT HOW SHE OPENED UP FOR ME AND GAVE ME HER SECRETS.

XXXXXX

THEY WHISPER IN ALLEYS ABOUT HOW THE SPIRITS BURIED BENEATH ASPHALT AND BRICK SPEAK TO ME, OFFERING ME THEIR POWER.

ASKING ME TO BRING THE UNDERWORLD UP TO THE SURFACE.

HNNGHK!

YOU STAYED TOO LONG, ANGELES. YOU GOT GREEDY.

RAAAAH!

HNNGH!

LET GO. LET THE WORLD MOVE ON.

JUST TAKE MY HAND AND HAVE YOUR PEACE.

NNNH.

SHUK

NO! IT WASN'T ENOUGH! THAT FUCKING BIRD DOESN'T UNDERSTAND! IT STOPS SHORT BECAUSE IT DOESN'T SEE THAT EVERYTHING'S CONNECTED!

AN EVIL MAN CAN ACT BECAUSE THE WORLD ALLOWS EVIL. A HURRICANE TRIGGERED BY BUTTERFLY WINGS!

ARNGH!

BUT YOU CAN STOP THE HURRICANE BY TEARING OFF THE WINGS!

SNAK

HNH. YOU WERE GIVEN A GIFT, BUT YOU KEPT ON TAKING. YOUR SELFISHNESS TOOK ME AWAY FROM MY REWARD. WHY DID YOU STEAL MY HEAVEN, ANGELES?

KRAK!

WHY IS YOUR JUSTICE MORE IMPORTANT THAN MINE?!

AAAIIGH!

I TELL YOU WHAT. WHEN I STARTED THIS PROJECT, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D RUN INTO A FELLOW DARK SIDE CELEBRITY. BUT THERE YOU ARE, ***SERIAL KILLER KILLER.***

YOU AS TOUGH A MOTHERFUCKER AS ADVERTISED.

BUT THIS IS SOME BIG SHIT YOU'RE FUCKIN' WITH HERE. LIKE, BALANCIN' THE UNIVERSE TYPE SHIT.

AND YOU OUTTA YOUR WEIGHT CLASS.

GHT.

HNH!

GHK!

I'LL... BALANCE YOUR FUCKING... ASSHOLE WITH YOUR FACE...

GUH.

I SEE THEM, CASSIE. THE SPIRITS YOU CARRY. THEY CRY TO YOU, WISHIN' YOU COULD HEAR 'EM.

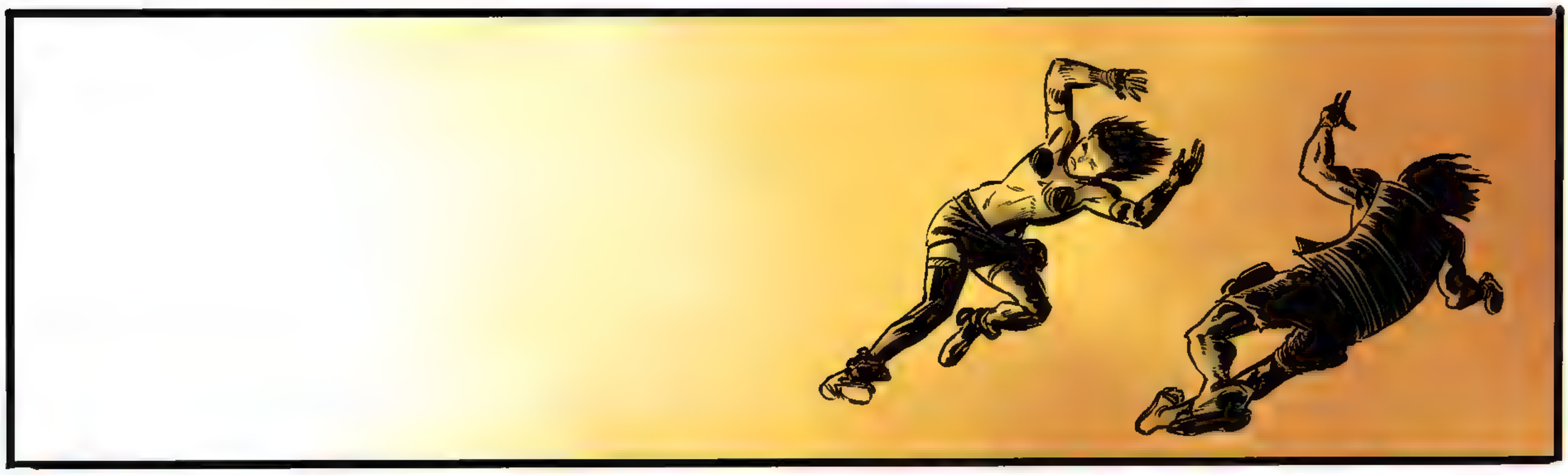
ONE OF 'EM IS SAYING, "LUCY... LUCY FORGIVES YOU." HE SAYS HE SAW HER ON THE OTHER SIDE.

HIS NAME... HIS NAME IS *VLAD.*

NO!

BOOP

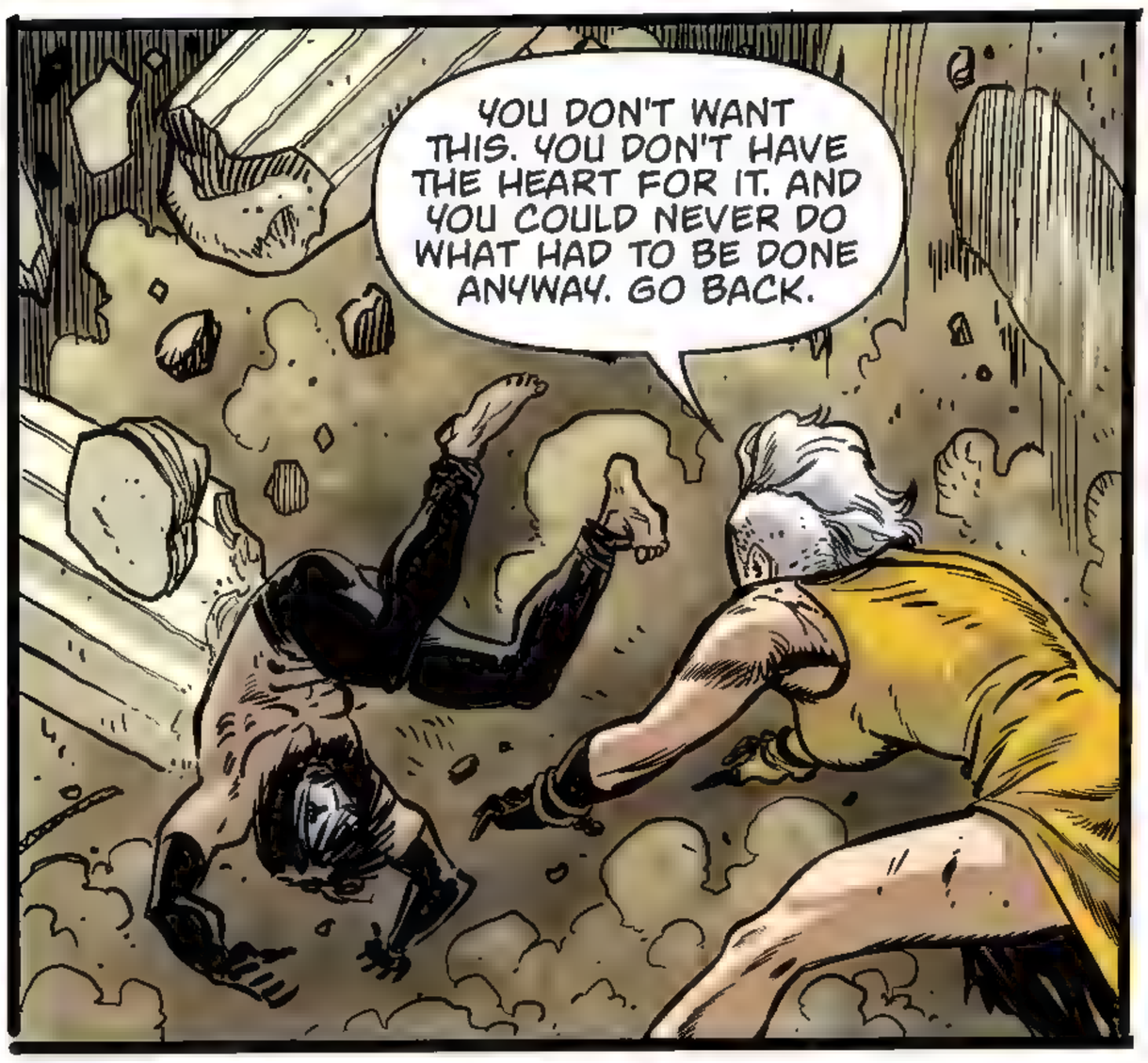
HEH. THAT SHIT ALWAYS WORKS



BOOM

OH, GOD.

ANGELES, PLEASE. I'M JUST DOING WHAT I HAVE TO. I DON'T WANT TO—
WHAT?
HNH. AND THAT'S THE PROBLEM...


YOU DON'T WANT THIS. YOU DON'T HAVE THE HEART FOR IT. AND YOU COULD NEVER DO WHAT HAD TO BE DONE ANYWAY. GO BACK.

THE TOMB IS CALLING YOU.
THOOM

KOFF KOFF THAT SHIT... THAT SHIT WAS AWESOME.

DK...

I'M... I'M DONE.

OH, NO, NO, ANGIE-GIRL. NOT YET.

WE KEPT YOU HERE FOR A REASON. THE CROW TRIED TO TAKE YOU BACK BEFORE YOU WERE DONE.

"WELL, NOW WE GOT ONE MORE BIT OF REVENGE TO GET TO, RIGHT? I NEED YOU STAY WITH ME, ANGIE-GIRL..."

SKWAK!

"'CUZ NOW WERE GONNA TAKE BACK FROM THE CROW."

20 YEARS OF DW

ISSUE 4

SEELEY • TERRY

# the CROW HACKSAW™

# the CROW HACK/SLASH

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CASSIE HACK is the lone survivor of an attack by the slasher called THE LUNCH LADY... a slasher who happened to be her MOTHER! Now, she travels the world with her monstrous partner and friend, VLAD, hunting down and destroying slashers wherever they find them!


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YOU.

IT AIN'T TIME TO COME HOME YET.

HE CALLS. THE CROW CALLS FOR YOU.

YOU JUST GOTTA LISTEN, MARCUS. YOU'RE ALIVE.

MARCUS. YOU'RE ALIVE.

CASSIE...?

THAT LITTLE STREET SHAMAN PRICK *URBAN DK*... HE TOOK DOWN THE BUILDING. DROPPED IT ON THE *OPERA HOUSE*. AND YOU.

*HNH*. THE MAYOR GOT OUT. SO DID MOST EVERYONE ELSE...

BUT THE POLICE CHIEF. SHE KILLED HIM.

BUT IT MEANS HER PLAN FOR VENGEANCE ON *EVERYONE* CONNECTED TO HER *SISTER'S DEATH* HAS BEEN STOPPED.

FOR NOW. BUT SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING ELSE... *HNGK*.

CRACK

OW.

OH, GOD!

GREAT COSTUME, RIGHT? MASQUERADE BALL WINNER FOR SURE.

I CAN HEAR THE CROW. LIKE A FARAWAY ECHO.

IT'S GETTING FRANTIC. DESPERATE. IT KNOWS THEY'RE COMING. IF WE FIND THE CROW, WE FIND ANGELES.

LEAD ON.

BRMM

YOU OKAY?

HNH. LOUDER. LOUDER. LOUDER... CALLING ME...

"CALLING ME..."

SKWARK

AH NAH NAH NAH!

MOTHERFUCKING CHICKEN BLED HIMSELF! HE BROKE THE CONTAINMENT CIRCLE!

YOU THINK YOU'RE THE SMARTEST FUCKIN' SPIRIT ON THE OTHER SIDE?!

YOU AIN'T NOTHING BUT A GODDAMN DELIVERY BOY! YOU WANT SMART?! WAIT'LL YOU SEE WHAT *DK* GOT COOKIN'!

*D.* STOP. PLEASE...

THE CROW AND I ARE CONNECTED. EVERYTHING IT FEELS, I FEEL.

AND I'M NOT DOING TOO GOOD TO BEGIN WITH...

NAH, GIRL. YOU'RE DOING GREAT. YOU DID IT. YOU CARRIED ON YOUR MISSION ALL THE WAY TO THE REAL N' FINAL BOSS LEVEL.

NO. THE MAYOR... THE OTHERS...

YOU DID THEM WORSE THAN DEATH. YOU TOOK AWAY THEIR SENSE OF INVULNERABILITY. BROUGHT 'EM DOWN FROM THEIR GOLDEN SPIRES TO THE LOWEST PISS-FILLED GUTTER.

YOU WANNA PUNISH PEOPLE LIKE THEM AND THE MAYOR EVEN MORE, ANG? THEN LET'S FINISH THIS. LIKE WE SAID.

MAKE IT SO POWER ISN'T JUST LOCKED UP WITH THE ELITE.

HELD TIGHTLY IN THE HANDS OF POLITICIANS AND COPS AND GOD.

LET PEOPLE DECIDE THEIR OWN JUSTICE.

*LILITH*. MY SISTER. SHE WAS GOOD. SHE NEVER GOT MAD. NOT AT ANYONE. SHE WOULDN'T HAVE GONE THIS FAR, D. I KNOW IT.

IF THE UNIVERSE DIDN'T WANT *THIS*, THE CROW WOULDA BROUGHT LILITH BACK INSTEAD OF YOU.

BUT SHE'S STILL IN THE GROUND, AND SHE NEEDS YOU TO SPEAK FOR HER. FOR ALL OF THEM.

DO IT.

SPIRITS OF THE OTHER SIDE! DISPLACED AND LOST SOULS! I HEAR YA! I SEE YA! AND I KNOW YOUR TERRIBLE AGONY!

YOU'RE LOOKING FOR A BRIDGE BETWEEN THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT!

INSIDE THIS WOMAN WHO WEARS SHADOWS THERE IS A PATH WELL-TROD BY THE *AVATAR OF VENGEANCE!* AND THAT PATH LEADS FROM THE UNDERWORLD TO THE LIGHT!

SHRIEK

SHREEE!

FIND THAT BLACK BEACON! HEAR ITS SHRILL CRIES! AND FOLLOW IT!

LET YOUR SOULS BE REBORN AS MESSENGERS!

BECOME ONE WITH THE LOST FLESH AS THE VENGEANCE AVATAR DOES!

GIVE TO ANY WHO POSSESSES THE NIGHT BLACK EGG A SECOND LIFE!

GIVE BALANCE BY TAKING LIFE BACK FROM DEATH!

D...

'TIS SOME VISITOR...'

'ONLY THIS AND NOTHING MORE.'

FUCKING POETRY AND SHIT.

YOU. ALL OF THIS, BECAUSE OF YOU!

HGK!

WHUD

EEEIGH!

HUHN, HUHN. FUCK.

WELL, WOULD YOU LOOK AT THAT?

SOMEBODY'S BEEN COLLECTING SOUVENIRS.

I'M GONNA TAKE THIS BACK BEFORE MR. URBAN PSYCHOPOMP DOES SOME VOODOO SHIT ON ME.

AND WHILE I'M AT IT...

I'M CHARGING BACK RENT.

SHANG

EGGS?! YOU WERE GOING TO STEAL JUSTICE FROM THE UNIVERSE?!

ARE YOU FUCKING INSANE?! THE CROW CHOOSES PEOPLE WHO WON'T ABUSE THE POWER!

KRAK

EXCEPT ANGELES.

YOU USED ANGELES. CONVINCED HER TO KEEP GOING. HELPED HER CAGE HER GUIDE. YOU MANIPULATED HER FOR YOUR OWN ENDS!

WHUD

HNGF!

USED PFFT. HA. YOU FUCKIN' *SKIN GHOSTS...*

YOU GET A GIFT. A ***SHADOW SOUL*** TO TAKE BACK YOUR FLESH. YOU USE THAT GIFT TO KILL AND YOU KILL TO SATIATE YOUR THIRST FOR REVENGE.

Y'KNOW, THE OTHERS ASK ME, MARCUS. THE SPIRITS ASK ME ALL THE TIME, CHATTERIN' IN MY EARS LIKE SKIPPING RECORDS... THEY WANT TO KNOW...

WHY *YOU* AND NOT *THEM*?!

AAAAH!

CASSIE! STOP—GHNK!

STOP?! YOU MURDERED SOMEONE I WAS GUARDING!

YOU DROPPED MY PARTNER OFF A FUCKING CHURCH!

WHUMP SNAK MP

I'M NOT GOING TO STOP. NOT FUCKING EVER.

I KNOW.

I'VE SEEN INSIDE YOU, CASSIE. I KNOW WHAT YOU ARE. I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT.

YOU WANT TO HUNT. YOU WANT TO KILL. YOU DON'T EVER WANT TO LIVE, BECAUSE LIVING'S HOW YOU HURT.

AND NOW YOUR ONLY FRIEND IN THE WORLD IS IN A COMA.

SHUK

LET DK FINISH THE SPELL OF FERTILIZATION. THEN YOU CAN TAKE ONE OF THESE.

GET BACK AT ME. AT THE CROW. AT GOD. WE OWE YOU. LET YOUR OWN CROW GUIDE YOU TO REVENGE FOREVER.

WHO'S RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT? ME? BUT WHO BROUGHT ME BACK IN THE FIRST PLACE? THAT GODDAMN BIRD, RIGHT? AND WHO CREATED THE BIRD?

WHEN HAS GOD EVER SPOKE UP FOR YOU, CASSIE?!

AGGH!

YOU KNOW THAT THE CROW DON'T JUST GUIDE PEOPLE BACK FROM THE DEAD, RIGHT? THE CROW GOT OTHER FUNCTIONS.

YOU TALK A MEAN GAME ABOUT SELFISHNESS, BUT DO YOU KNOW YOU COULD USE THAT POWER FOR SOMETHING OTHER THAN REVENGE?

THE CROW'S THE *SPIRIT OF REBIRTH.* THE GIVER OF *HEALING.*

FOR THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO USE IT, THE CROW'S *STRONG MEDICINE.*

TRANCE

AND SORRY TO TELL YOU, PRETTY BOY, BUT ONE SKIN-GHOST'S AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER...

ENNGHK!

ANNNGH!

JUST KNOW THAT YOU'LL LIVE ON IN THE JUSTICE OF ANYONE WHO'LL PAY.

YOU CAN BE ONE OF US. MAKE THEM ALL PAY. FIGHT FOR HATE. LIKE I DID. LIKE MARCUS DID TWICE.

NO.

RRAAAAH!

YOU'RE WRONG. MARCUS SHOWED ME. HE WAS NEVER LIKE YOU, ANGELES.

AND HE ISN'T LIKE ME.

HE WAS ***CHOSEN*** TO COME AFTER YOU, BECAUSE THE CROW KNEW HE'D COME BACK FOR AIDEN.

LIKE VLAD. IT'S NEVER BEEN ABOUT REVENGE FOR HIM.

IT'S BEEN ABOUT LOVING ME. IT'S ABOUT LOVING EVERYONE. EVEN A DRUG ADDICT HE MET ON THE STREET.

I OWE IT TO VLAD TO NEVER LET THE VOID OVERTAKE ME AGAIN.

I HAVE TO LET MY BETTER HALF WIN.

CLANG

AW, FUCK.

TRANCE

SKRWARK SKRWARK

TRANCE

HNGH!

WELCOME BACK.

YOU PROMISED THEM *FLESH*.

AIEGGGH!

NOW, THE SPELL IS UNFINISHED.

THE EGGS ARE UNFERTILIZED.

BUT YOU PROMISED THESE SPIRITS REBIRTH IN FRESH BODIES.

SKWARK

NO.
NO-NO-NO.

ANGELES.

LOOK.

LOOK.

LILITH.
I'M
SORRY.

LOOK.

I'M SO SORRY.

THERE. THERE IT IS.

THE LIGHT...

MARCUS. IT'S OVER. SHE'S DEAD AND I DON'T...

I KNOW. YOU NEVER DO.

# SHE WEARS SHADOWS

## PART 4

Story by Tim Seeley
Art by Jim Terry and Tim Seeley
Edits by David Hedgecock

LET'S GO SEE VLAD.

TRAITOR

SFWARK

IT'S STUPID, Y'KNOW? PART OF ME THOUGHT I'D GET THROUGH ALL THIS...

...AND HE'D JUST BE SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED, MAKING LAME JOKES IN THAT WEIRD ACCENT OF HIS.

BUT HE'S WORSE, ISN'T HE?

HE'S NEVER COMING OUT OF THIS.

SQWARK!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

ANGELES STAYED TOO LONG. LIVES WERE TAKEN THAT WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE.

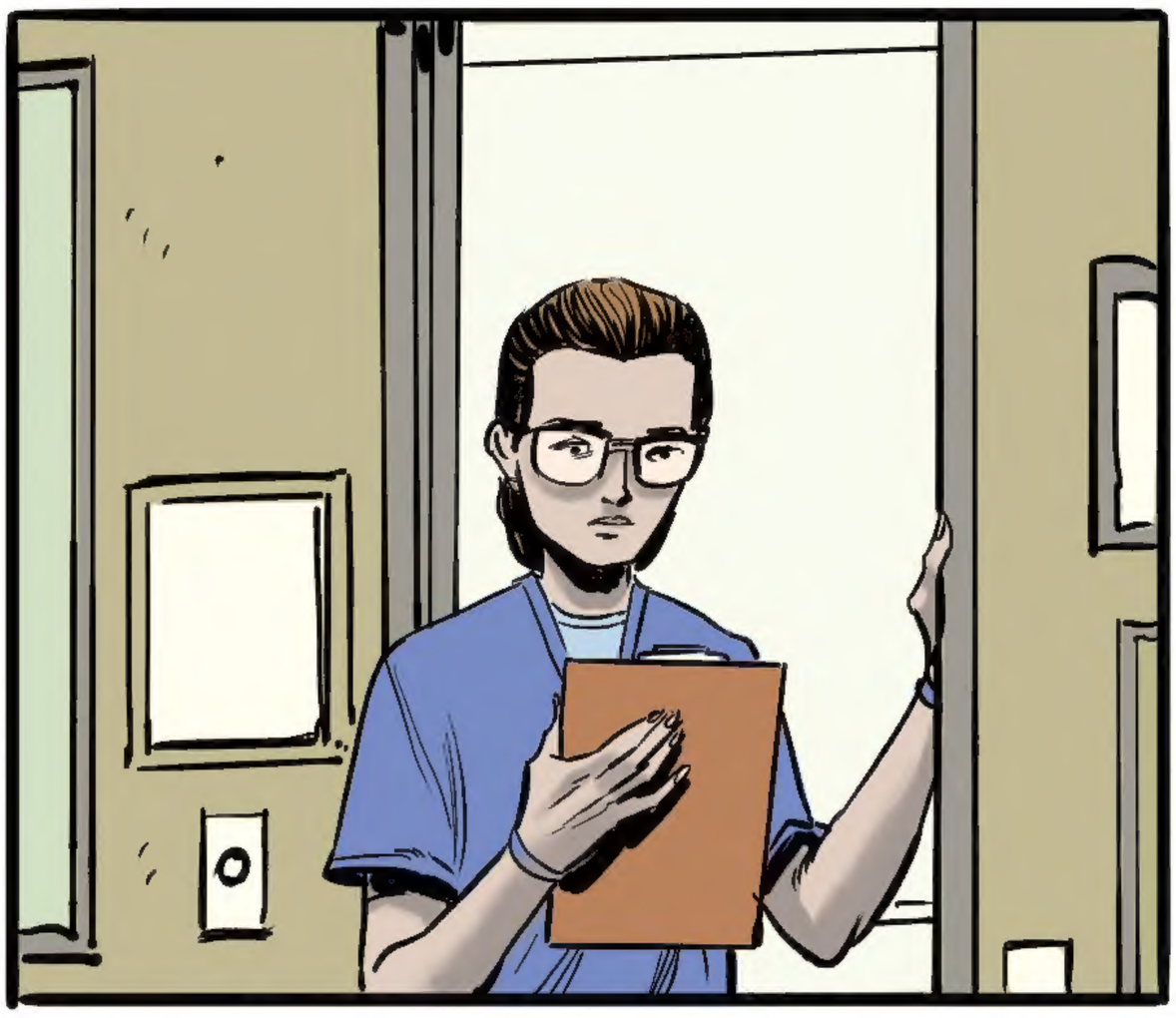
LIKE VLAD'S.

I'M GOING TO GIVE HIM MY LIFE.

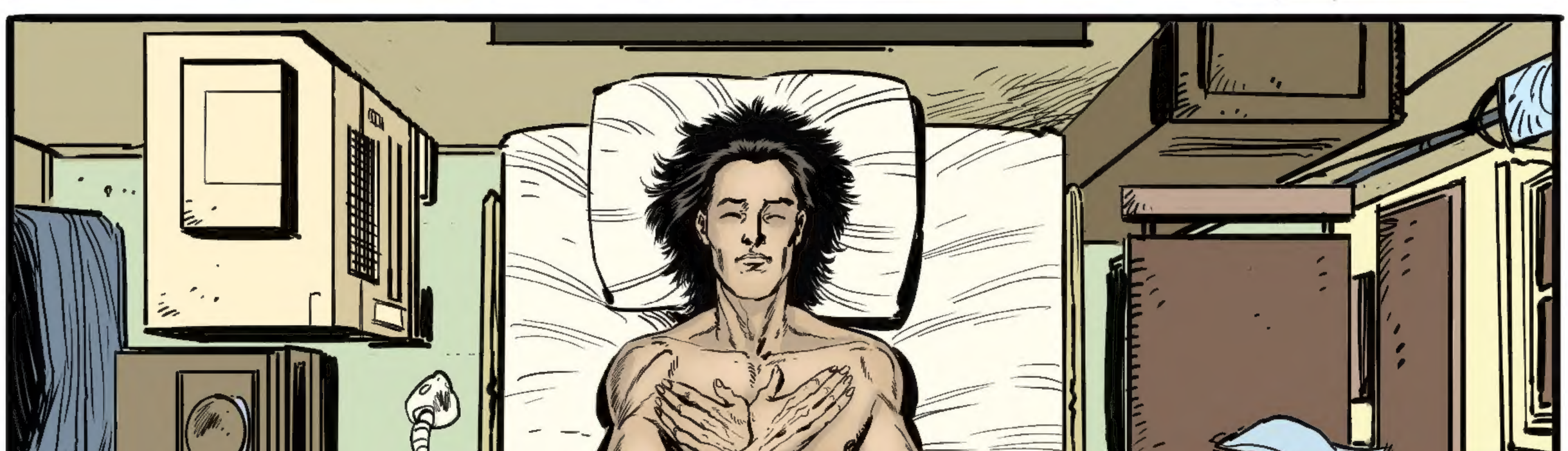
BUT... YOU WON'T GO BACK, RIGHT? YOU'LL GO INTO THE DARKNESS FOREVER. YOU WON'T GET TO BE WITH AIDEN, MARCUS.

I GO INTO THE NIGHT. VLAD COMES BACK TO THE LIGHT.

AND THE BALANCE IS RESTORED.



WHAT THE—



HRM. WHAT WILL WE DO NOW, CASSANDRA?

THE END.